

# Eythorn (Long did the patient peasants toil)

Thomas Clark (taken from Rippon's Tunebook)

Soprano  
Long did the pa-tient pea-sants toil And wait for plent-eous crops; Heaven on their

Alto  
Long did the pa-tient pea-sants toil And wait for plent-eous crops;

Tenor  
Long did the pa-tient pea-sants toil And wait for plent-eous crops;

Bass  
Long did the pa-tient pea-sants toil And wait for plent-eous crops; Heaven

10  
la-bours deign'd to smile,  
Heaven on their la-bours deign'd to smile, Heaven on their  
Heaven on their la-bours deign'd to smile, Heaven on their  
on their la-bours deign'd to smile, Heaven on their la-bours

15  
Nor would de-ceive their hopes. Nor would de-ceive their hopes. Heaven hopes.  
la-bours deign'd to smile, Nor would de-ceive their hopes. hopes.  
la-bours deign'd to smile, Nor would de-ceive their hopes. hopes.  
deign'd to smile, Nor would de-ceive their hopes. Nor would de-ceive their hopes. hopes.

Rich were the fields of waving corn  
Which recompens'd their care;  
And to their barns in safety borne,  
Crown'd the revolving year.

And now their annual labours o'er,  
With joy we see them come,  
In triumph view their precious store,  
And hail the harvest home.

Not theirs alone heaven's gracious care  
Nor theirs alone the song ;  
We in its bounties richly share,  
And we'll the notes prolong.